

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 22.

Boston, October, 1889.

No. 5.



WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER.

NO INSOMNIA THERE.

HUMBLE HEROISM.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD IN THE ALABAMA RIVER DURING THE
SPRING OF 1886.

Negroes frequently exhibit a wonderful heroism in times of danger. An incident of this I witnessed in the spring of 1886, when a freshet in the Alabama river caused the country on each side to be overflowed by water for many miles.

The negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them, and hundreds of them were sometimes found huddled together on some knoll sufficiently elevated to be above the water. There they often remained two or three days and nights without food, and exposed to a soaking rain. Fortunately the weather was not cold.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from the neighboring towns to rescue them. These consisted of one or more boats, manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers and filled with cooked provisions, blankets, etc. One day the news came that the negroes on a certain plantation had sought refuge upon a corn barn, around which the water was rapidly rising, and so rendering their condition exceedingly precarious. Two boats started out at once to their assistance. In one of these I went, accompanied by another white man and a negro. Just before dark we sighted the corn barn, upon which a mass of black humanity clustered like a swarm of bees. A heavy rain was now falling, and daylight beginning to fade away. Their condition became almost distressing as they sat in perfect silence waiting our approach.

But we did not appreciate their extreme peril until the boat struck against the frail log building which was in the water to the edges of the roof and visibly shook and tottered. The poor creatures commenced to clamber hurriedly down to the boat.

"Stop!" I cried. "The women and children first."

The men obediently resumed their seats. We took in first the children and then the women, and were about to push off, telling the men we would hurry back for them as quickly as possible or send the first boat we met, when a very old woman (I noticed she was the last to get in the boat and had done so reluctantly) seized the corner of

the house, and looking anxiously into my face, said:

"Marster, ain't you gwine to take my old man?"

"No, auntie," I answered, "the boat is too full now. He must wait till we come back."

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when with a sudden spring she was up and on the roof again. It shook as she scrambled on it and took her seat by a little, withered old black man, whose hand she seized and held as if she was afraid we would tear her away from him.

"Come auntie," I cried, "this won't do. We can't leave you here, and we can't wait any longer on you."

"Go on, marster," she answered, "I thanks yer, en I pray de good Lawd to fetch you all safe home; but I am gwine to stay wid my ole man. *Ef Simon got to git drowneded, Lyddy gwine git drowneded too. We dun bin togedder too long to part now.*" And we had to leave her, after throwing some blankets and a lot of provisions to them.

As we rowed off in the rain and night a high falsetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the crib, where we left the almost certainly doomed group in the blackness of darkness. They dared not have a light for fear of setting fire to their frail support. We stopped our oars to listen to the song. It came clear and distinct. First Lyddy's trembling voice and then a chorus of a dozen or more of the deep bass voices of the men:

"We're a clingin' to de ark,
Take us in, take us in,
Fur de watah's deep en dark,
Take us in, take us in;
Do de flesh is po' en weak,
Take us in, take us in,
'Tis de Lawd we gwinter seek,
Take us in, take us in;
Den Lawd, hole out dy han',
Take us in, take us in,
Draw de sinnahs to de lan',
Take us in, take us in."

We could wait and listen no longer to the weird sounds, but struck our oars in the water and hurried away.

Most fortunately we came across a boat bent upon the same errand as ourselves, which went immediately to the barn and saved all of its living freight. The building had apparently been held down by their weight, for as the last one left it turned over and floated away to the gulf.

Their rescuers told us afterwards that as they neared it the first sound they heard was an old woman's voice singing:

De Lawd is hyah'd our cry,

Answered by the men:

Take us in, take us in,
En He'll save us by en by,
Take us in, take us in."

To this simple-hearted old creature divorce courts and separations were unknown. With her it was "*until death do us part.*" M. E. S.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The Union army having cut off the sources of supply, the confederate army was suffering for food. At that time Lee's army had a large number of Union prisoners, and — hastened up to Gen. Lee and suggested as a means of getting food *that all food be cut off from these Union prisoners until the Union army opened the way for the confederates to get supplies, and he suggested that the Union General be so notified.* General Lee, fixing his eye contemptuously upon —, said: "*No, sir; no, sir. As long as we have a crust of bread we will divide it with our prisoners.*" — quailed beneath the old general's glance and slunk away. Lee refused to have any delicacies his men did not have, and lived on corn bread with an occasional bite of bacon.—*Boston Herald, Sept. 22.*

The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.—*Buckminster.*

BELLS OF THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the past whose unforgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance,

I hear you call and see the sun descending
On rocks, and waves, and sand,
As down the coast the mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls:
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor lost ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of long waves, receding,
I touch the farthest past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and fast!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,
The white presidio,
The swart commander in his leather jerkin,
The priest in tone of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun,
And past the headland, northward, slowly
drifting,
The frightened galleon.

Oh, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
Oh, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight
music
The spiritual fold.

Your voices break, they falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still,
And veiled, and mystic, like the host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill.

—*Bret Harte.*

IRISH WIT.

Episcopal rector (to Irish plasterer on ladder, pointing to the church wall): "That mortar must have been very bad." *Pat (with a grin):* "Ye can't expict the likes o' a good Roman ciment to stick to a Protestant church."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

ROVER AND THE BABY.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Across the street from my study window lives a dog. His name is Rover. He is a spaniel with curly auburn hair, and with ears long and shaggy. His eyes are large and hazel. He often sits up on his haunches when looking down the street, holding up his fore feet like hands bending at the wrist. This is owing to a lame shoulder, for he gets tired when standing as dogs usually do, and sits up like a man for a change now and then.

But Rover has attracted my attention in another way more particularly. Once or twice a week he sets up a cry or howl which is most piteous to hear. He lifts up his head in his cries, and they tell me the tears fall from his eyes on some of these occasions.

What is the cause?

Before long Rover sees something coming on the sidewalk in the distance. He pricks up his ears and trots off towards it. He is more and more excited. The wag of his tail and the change of voice show this; the wail has become a bark of joy. It is the baby carriage he sees, inside of which is baby Clara, a year old.

And now they meet—the precious little passenger and Rover, who greets her with many a kiss. He accompanies her to the house with many demonstrations of joy. There is no more wailing that day. The cup of happiness for the dog is full, and this remarkable affection is reciprocated, for the baby, in her own way, greets and talks to the dog. She looks for him, and delights in his coming.

It is certainly very interesting to see this attachment, and it might well be a lesson to some of us of the biped race.

Rev. EDWIN N. ANDREWS.

Hartford, Wis., Aug. 22, 1889.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

When Robinson Crusoe found himself on an uninhabited island he immediately set to work *to do the best he could under the circumstances.*

We find ourselves in this world without choice of our own.

Whence we came from we do not know.

Whether we have had any prior existence we do not know.

Exactly where each of us will go when we leave this world we do not know.

We find it a world of mixed good and evil—happiness and suffering.

Now what is the wise thing to do?

We answer—strive to make it as happy a world as we can—strive to lessen evil—strive to lessen suffering—strive to stop every form of cruelty and crime.

Strive in the words of the seal of our *American Humane Education Society*, for "*Glory to God,*" "*Peace on Earth,*" "*Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every living creature.*"

MLLE. NIKITA.

A particularly humane little body is Mlle. Nikita, the American prima donna, as is shown by an incident of her last visit to Prague. Opposite the hotel was a high tower—part of the old battlements of the town—with several statues at the summit. One day the young singer was standing on the piazza, when she fancied she saw a bird fluttering its wings among the statues. Fetching her opera glass, Nikita descried a dove entangled in the stonework, and could plainly see blood trickling from one of its limbs. Her pity aroused, Nikita sent word to the commissionaire at the hotel entrance that she would give him 15 florins if he would fetch the bird down. The man replied that he would gladly oblige mademoiselle, but he was afraid of injuring the statuary, which he dared not do. A message to the mayor brought a reply more ornate in form, but similar in effect. Nikita was in despair; the poor bird was bleeding to death and she could do nothing. The next morning she induced the fire brigade, on promising to indemnify them for any damage done to the statues, to bring their escape to the spot. But it was too short to reach the summit of the tower, which was about 250 feet high, and could only be gained by a perilous climb. A large crowd had gathered, having heard of the strange action of the young and famous foreign singer. Nikita was sorrowfully thinking that the dove must be abandoned to its fate, when a young workman rushed up to her and offered to make the ascent. Almost before Nikita could accept his services he was mounting the ladder and climbing to the summit. Having secured the wounded dove he had to be let down by ropes. The descent was safely accomplished, and running to Nikita the young hero placed the bird gently in her hands. Nikita, full of gratitude, took off a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the delighted workman. Nikita tended the bird a fortnight, and then having to leave Prague, and the dove being well, she allowed it the liberty it had nearly lost with its life.

THE CRUEL OVER-CHECK.

How much longer must humane persons be afflicted by the sight of it? The tight check-rein has been pronounced cruel by over 500 veterinary surgeons in Great Britain. It is frequently put upon poor animals to give them a stylish or animated appearance.

For the many diseases it entails, write Mass. S. P. C. A., 19 Milk St., Boston.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER,
Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary;
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches
of the Parent American Band of Mercy have
been formed, with probably over four hundred
thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living
creatures, and try to protect them from cruel
usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross
out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P.
C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention
of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking,
a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and
other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes
that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy"
by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or
children or both—either signed, or authorized
to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen
for the "Band" and the name and post-office
address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANI-
MALS," full of interesting stories and pictures,
for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals,
containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pic-
tures and one hundred selected stories and
poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold
badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance
Associations and teachers and Sunday school
teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to
sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years
old can form a Band with no cost, and receive
what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn
books, cards of membership, and a membership
book for each Band, the prices are, for badges,
gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon,
four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-
two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of
membership, two cents; and membership book,
eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kind-
ness to Animals" cost only two cents for the
whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The
Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hun-
dred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do
a kind act, to make the world happier or bet-
ter, is invited to address, by letter or postal,
Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street,
Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full in-
formation.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy
Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat
the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of
last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anec-
dotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to
both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instru-
mental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they
have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and
better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices,
sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a
beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life*
Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a
"Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or
can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-
cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list,
and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish
the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them
at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail
by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve
cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of
Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the
"Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certifi-
cates at ten cents a hundred.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead
every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that will
make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN AN APPLE ORCHARD.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Red, and russet, and yellow,
Lying here in a heap—
Pippins, rounded and mellow;
Greenings, for winter keep;
Seek-no-further, whose blushing
The soul of a saint would try,
Till his face showed the crimson flushing,
The cheek of a northern spy.

Hide from the winter weather,
Safe from the wind and sleet,
Here in a pile together,
Russet and pippin meet.
And in this dim and dusty
Old cellar they fondly hold
A breath, like the grapes made musty
By the summer's radiant gold.

Each seems to hold a vagrant
Sunbeam, lost from the sky,
When lily blooms were fragrant
Walls for the butterfly;
And when the snow is flying,
What feast in the hoarded store
Of crimson and yellow lying
Heaped high on the sandy floor.

Fruitage of bright spring splendor,
Of leaf and blossom-time,
That no tropic land can mend, or
Take from this frosty clime—
Fruit for the hearth-stone meeting,
Whose favor naught can destroy.
How you make my heart's swift beating,
Throb with the pulse of a boy!

Apples scarlet and golden,
Apples juicy and tart,
Bringing again the olden
Joy to the weary heart.
You send the swift thoughts sweeping,
Through wreckage of time and tears,
To that hidden chamber, keeping
The gladness of youth's bright years.

The pleasantest things in the world are
pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is
to have as many of them as possible.

Riches without charity are nothing worth;
they are blessings to him only who makes
them a blessing to others.—Fielding.

THE MUSIC HE LIKED.

"I always thought I was fond of music,"
said Farmer Greene, "but since I visited Matilda
in Boston I've had my doubts about it. I had'n't
been there a day before Matilda she says to me,
'Now, father, we're goin' to have a musical,
and I do hope you'll enjoy it!'"

"Of course I shall," says I. "You know
how fond I am of them famous old Scotch
songs you used to sing, and how I'm always
ready to jine in when anybody strikes up
"Coronation.""

"Well, this will be the best music you ever
listened to," says Matilda, and my mouth watered
to hear it.

"The night of the concert you ought to ha'
seen the folks pour in, all silks and satins and
flowers. Matilda wore, well, I don't rightly
know what, but I think 'twas silk and lace.
Pretty soon we all got quieted down, and then a
German, with long hair and a great bushy
beard, sat down to the piano and began to play.
My, how he did bang them keys! There was
thunder down in the bass, and tinklin' cymbals
up in the treble.

"The lady that sat side of me whispered
when there was a minute's stop, 'Do you dis-
tinguish the different motives?'"

"My, no!" says I. 'I don't see what any-
body's motive could be for workin' so hard to
make a noise.'

"Then she smiled behind her fan, but I don't
know what at, whether 'twas the music or me.

"When the piece stopped everybody hummed
and whispered to each other how lovely 'twas,
and a good many told the German how much
obliged they were. I didn't say a word.

"Then a tall woman, all fixed up with silks
and furbelows, sang a piece that almost made
my hair stand on end, it went so high, and had
so many ups and downs in it. She was master
smart; anybody could see that, but somehow I
didn't fancy that kind of singin'. It made me
uneasy. When she was climbin' up to her high
notes, I wondered if she'd ever get there; and
when she dropped down again, I wanted to say:
'Now you've got through it safe once, don't try
it again!'"

"Well, pretty soon Matilda came round to
me and whispered, 'Father, how d'you like it?'"

"I don't care much for it," says I. "It's a
little too much like frosted cake when you want
plain bread."

"She laughed, and in a minute I heard her
sayin' to one of the performers, 'My father's a
little old fashioned, you see, and would you
mind?'"

"What do you suppose happened then?
Why, that woman that sung the trills and
warbles stood up, and without any piano
playin' at all, sung 'Ye Banks and Braes' and
'John Anderson.' How she knew what I liked
I never could tell, but she sang the songs I've
loved since I was a boy, and when she got
through the tears were streamin' down my
cheeks.

"Bless you, my dear!" says I, and I went
up to her and shook both her hands. And it
seemed to me she liked the songs herself, for
when she looked at me her eyes were wet, too.

"I had a beautiful time, but I suppose it's no
use thinkin' I appreciate real music."—*Youth's*
Companion.

SHUT THE WINDOW OR WATCH THE MONKEY.

THE DANGER OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

An account is sent us of a gentleman who
was reading in his second story parlor while
the chambermaid was putting his chamber in
order, in which he had left a valuable diamond
ring on the table. After the chambermaid left
he heard a slight noise in the chamber and,
looking in, saw a long cord reaching from the
window under his bed. Much surprised, he
found a monkey attached to the cord and in the
monkey's paw his diamond ring. The monkey
dropped the ring, sprang for the window and
jumped onto his master's shoulder, who imme-
diately made off. The monkey had probably
been taught to steal such articles and if he had
not been discovered the innocent chambermaid
would probably have been tried and convicted
and sentenced, as no other person had entered
the chamber.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *six thousand eight hundred and sixty-four* branches of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*."

BAND OF MERCY.

Friends will pardon short letters. Nearly *fourteen thousand a year, between forty and fifty for each working day, go out from our offices.*

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

We are indebted to Moughton, Misflin & Co. for the cut "*Harvesting*."

PROTECTION FOR DUMB ANIMALS.

At the September meeting of directors, held on the 18th, President Angell presented plans for largely increased work, all of which were adopted. It was voted to petition the school committee of Boston for permission to distribute literature and offer prizes in the public schools; also that the president be requested to cause to be erected in Boston a drinking fountain for animals in memory of the late Ellen M. Gifford, similar to that erected by the Society last year in Custom House Square, in memory of the late Dorothea L. Dix. The monthly report of Boston prosecuting agents shows 186 cases attended to, 10 prosecuted, 34 horses taken from work, 43 animals humanely killed. The branches of the Society's Bands of Mercy now number 6862 in every State, and every Territory but Alaska. At a meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society, held immediately afterwards, President Angell announced the receipt of gifts \$6183, a large distribution of humane literature, and the employment of a missionary to found Humane Societies in Western States.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELLEN M. GIFFORD.

Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, the widow of Arthur N. Gifford of New York, died at her residence in New Haven, Conn., on Sept. 7th, after an illness of about two months. She had been a friend and Vice President of this Society for many years, and an occasional contributor to this journal, in which she always took a deep interest.

Her father, the late Philip Maret of New Haven, left over \$600,000 to various charities. Mrs. Gifford was born and educated in Boston, but her marriage took her to New York, and her later years were spent in New Haven. She was one who always sympathized deeply with all who were in suffering, whether human beings or any other of God's creatures. She was a constant giver for the relief of such cases, and endowed from time to time four free beds, with \$5,000 each, in various hospitals. In 1883, when Mr. Nathan Appleton offered a lot in Brighton for the erection of a home for stray and suffering animals, and a subscription was opened for the expense of its erection, she contributed \$20,000 for this purpose, and the home, when built, was called by her name. For several years she has assumed almost the entire cost of its maintenance, and it has given shelter to many homeless and suffering dogs and cats, where they have been humanely cared for till cured, or till good homes were provided for them, or, in hopeless cases, till their sufferings were ended by a painless death.

By her will she gives to the cause of helpless and suffering animals no less than \$120,000. This Society receives \$30,000 in trust to support "*The Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home*," and \$25,000 for its general purposes. The New York Society receives \$50,000, and others in New Haven, Washington and Portsmouth, \$5,000 each. All her property, except about \$200,000 bequeathed to relatives and friends, is left in charity. About \$150,000 is distributed among various hospitals in New York, Boston and New Haven, and \$5,000 each is given to the New York and Boston Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Other bequests are for the benefit of discharged convicts, for the destitute blind, and to aid the poor who are incurably sick.

Mrs. Gifford's own life was for many years that of a hopeless invalid, and almost her only enjoyment was in her ability to cheer by her bounty others who were also suffering, and in the satisfaction she often had of hearing of their recovery, through her aid.

Her funeral took place at Mt. Auburn, where her body was laid beside those of her father and mother, on Sept. 11. Rev. George E. Ellis D.D., who conducted the burial service, a friend of her childhood, paid the following beautiful tribute to her memory:—

"To some of us here gathered there is a pathetic revival of burdened memories in the return of this mortal form, after a long removal, to its former associated scenes, to find a resting-place with kindred dust. We recall her in the years of a happy and sunny youth, an only child, tenderly nurtured in a privileged home of favored intimacies.

"The home and the fond parents have passed into the shadows. We have followed her in maturer and lengthened years, still keeping the heart of childhood with living affections, as those endeared by them, one by one, left her to solitude.

"These later years have for the most part found her withdrawn and secluded. The varied

discipline of invalidism and bereavement was chastening and depressing, but not uncheered. Her letters of confidence reveal her trials and her peace.

"She had a gentle spirit, with all tender feelings and keenly sensitive sympathies. She had tears for other's woes, and patience for her own. By submission, trust, and a waiting faith, there had been wrought in her that most deep and blessed of inward experiences, defined in the sacred Scriptures as '*Reconciliation to the Divine Will*.'"

THE LATE ELLEN M. GIFFORD.

The following vote was unanimously passed at the September director's meeting of our Society:

Voted, That in token of our respect for the memory of Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, and our gratitude for her most generous donation to this Society, our president be hereby requested and authorized to cause to be erected in Boston a memorial drinking-fountain for animals, which shall bear her name and shall be similar to the one erected by the Society last year in memory of Dorothea L. Dix, not to exceed in cost six hundred dollars.

DOROTHEA L. DIX FOUNTAIN.

We never pass this fountain erected by our Society last year in Custom House Square without a feeling of pleasure.

We passed it this morning—seven horses belonging to five teams were drinking—and all about it were other teams and wagons waiting for the first vacant space.

TO FIFTEEN THOUSAND SCHOOL AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The *first step* in establishing "*Humane Societies*" is to arouse a public sentiment that shall demand and support them.

To do this the *first step* is to circulate over this whole country and continent *humane literature and information*.

To do this we are spending annually upon this illustrated twelve-page monthly, "*Our Dumb Animals*," thousands of dollars more than we get from its subscriptions.

To do this its editor is giving his time, labor and thought to make it the most interesting and useful paper of its kind in the world, and to give it wide circulation.

In pursuance of these objects I now offer, in behalf of the "*Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," to five thousand Massachusetts school and Sunday school teachers who shall first send us six two-cent postage stamps, "*Our Dumb Animals*" for one year.

And in behalf of "*The American Humane Education Society*" I hereby make to ten thousand American school and Sunday school teachers outside the State of Massachusetts the same offer.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

2,000 PRIZES TO 1,000 SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

In behalf of "*The American Humane Education Society*," I hereby offer to the pupil in each of *one thousand American Schools and Sunday Schools*, who shall, during six months, beginning the first day of July, 1889, by kind acts and words, have done the most to make human beings and dumb animals happier, a beautifully bound volume of "*Our Dumb Animals*," full of humane pictures and interesting poems and stories, and a heavily gold-plated or pure silver badge-pin of the "*American Band of Mercy*," (whichever is preferred,) suitable to be worn on all occasions. Both will be sent free of cost.

To which pupil in each school these prizes shall be awarded is to be determined by vote of the school, approved and certified by the teacher.

Each teacher, who wishes his or her pupils to compete for these prizes, will please send me his or her name and post office address, plainly written, and will, up to January, 1890, receive "*Our Dumb Animals*" without charge.

All who also form "*Bands of Mercy*" will be entitled as appears on page 41.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

I shall make the above offer to the successful pupil in each of *ten thousand*, instead of *one thousand* Schools and Sunday Schools, when funds will warrant it, and have other plans for a general humane education of the children of America, which I intend to put in practical operation as fast as I get the means.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND.

The question comes to us, *suppose more than one thousand schools* send in their names to have prizes awarded to the pupil who shall by a majority vote of the school, approved by the teacher, be *most distinguished for kindness*, what then?

We answer: (1). The 1,000 who first send in their names and post office address will be entitled to the prizes.

(2). If more than 1,000 names are sent in, unless the excess be too large, we shall strive to include them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Certificates of membership will be sent to all who join our "*American Humane Education Society*."

On the back we have had printed the last three verses of that beautiful hymn of Edmund Hamilton Sears, beginning

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."

THAT IS WHY.

A lady writes us of a case of much cruelty in a New Hampshire town, and asks what she can do about it.

We answer, madam, the law gives no remedy.

It is only one of a thousand kinds of cruelty which are practised every day in this country—some of them in every city and town—and for which the only remedy is a general uplifting of the humane sentiment of the American people.

That is what we are constantly striving for.

That is why we obtained from our Massachusetts Legislature last spring an act incorporating our "*American Humane Education Society*," with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation.

That is why we obtained as officers of the society—the Governor of Massachusetts—the Chief Justice of our Supreme Judicial Court—the Episcopal Bishop—the Roman Catholic Archbishop—the President of the National Societies of Christian Endeavor—the President of the National and World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union and others in various States.

That is why we obtained as its Treasurer the head of the great publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

That is why we offered a \$100 prize to the students in all American colleges for the best essay on "*The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*," and printed for their use seventy thousand copies of condensed humane information, and sent also to all their college libraries bound volumes of humane publications.

That is why we have offered a prize of \$300 to all American editors for a similar essay, and sent to them condensed humane information.

That is why we have offered a prize of \$100 to the twelve hundred or more educators belonging to the "*National Institute of Instruction*," for a similar essay, and propose other prizes in the future to American Protestant, and Roman Catholic clergymen.

That is why we have offered prizes to the pupil in each of *one thousand schools and Sunday schools*, who shall, by vote of a majority of the school, approved by the teacher, be *most distinguished for kindness*.

That is why we have already enlisted a large-hearted, earnest, enthusiastic member of the Society of Friends as a missionary to preach the gospel of humanity in seven Western States and found "*Humane Societies and Bands of Mercy*."

That is why we have personally given to its permanent fund property valued at over three thousand dollars.

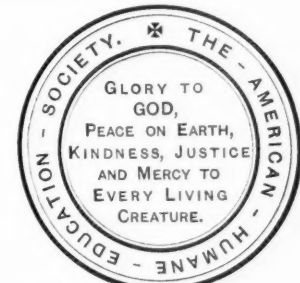
GEO. T. ANGELL.

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Essays for the \$100 prize, offered to members of "*The American Institute of Instruction*" for the best essay of not over twenty-four hundred words on "*The Effect of Humane Education on School Discipline and the Prevention of Crime*," must be received on or before January 1st.

A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God.—Hermes.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

FIRST DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Mrs. William Appleton,.....	\$1,000
A Friend,.....	1,000
A. E. H.,.....	300
Mrs. Geo. Dickinson,.....	500
Miss Georgiana Kendall,.....	205
Mrs. J. H. French,.....	100
Philip G. Peabody,.....	10
Mary F. Metcalf,.....	5
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S. R. U.,.....	25
E. Cavazza,.....	5
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Louis Prang,.....	25
Mrs. F. B. Powell,.....	5
A Friend,.....	150
Philip G. Peabody,.....	25
Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood,.....	200
Mrs. S. W. Vanderbilt,.....	60
A Western Friend,.....	500
A Boston Friend,.....	150
A New York Friend,.....	25
Miss A. D. Fogg,.....	50
A N. Y. Friend,.....	50
A New York Lady,.....	163
Mrs. E. M. Bowen,.....	5
O. M. F.,.....	105

\$6,183

We are indebted to "Golden Days," Philadelphia, for "Rowdy, The Burro."

A DOCKED AND CLIPPED HORSE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

CLIPPED, DOCKED OF HIS TAIL AND PESTERED BY FLIES HE SOUGHT RELIEF IN DEATH.

[By telegraph to the Herald.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1889.—Cases of animal suicide, though rare, are by no means unprecedented, several cases being on record of dogs and horses drowning themselves. On Monday a curious incident occurred in this city.

"Dick," a valuable delivery and carriage horse belonged to John Reardon, a prominent Buffalo coal dealer, whose yards and barn extend back from No. 47 Fulton street. In the rear of his barn is a paddock containing about an acre of ground, and here "Dick" was turned out to graze. *He was closely clipped, besides having his tail docked, and the flies bit intolerably.*

He seemed to become literally insane with the stings inflicted by his tormentors, and going up to a bit of picket fence extending out into the pasture from one end of the barn, he sprang high into the air and alighted on the sharp spikes. He made no effort to extricate himself, but sank down, bleeding to death in five minutes.

Half a dozen men saw the whole affair, and unite in pronouncing it as clear a case of suicide as was ever known.—*New York Herald, Sept. 20.*

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

The *Springfield Republican* of Sept. 1st kindly gives two columns to the details of our Western Mass. paid agent Mr. James Anderson, entitling it "Some features of a Noble Work for Abused Brutes."

We have no space to place before our readers the cases of starvation and other cruelties which our agent has relieved. Indeed we do not deem it wise to fill our columns with recitals which no humane person can read without pain. But the summary of statistics of the work of this one agent of our Society is interesting.

During two years ending March 31, 1889. Whole number of cases attended to by him was 1670; remedied without prosecution, 1492; prosecuted, 178; convicted, 129; offenders "skipped," 3; taken from work, 1216; killed, 855; fines imposed (besides costs), \$1112. If these figures be multiplied by three to find the result of his six years' toil, it will be seen that the agent has probably attended to something like 5000 cases.

As to the moral effect of his work none, perhaps, can speak better than himself. He finds fewer cases of extreme cruelty nowadays than formerly and he meets with a different reception than what was usual several years ago. This is certainly encouraging as a token that our age is becoming more humane, even if the millennium is not yet within hailing distance.

WILLS.

We have remembered "The American Humane Education Society" in a codicil to our own will, and are pleased on this Sept. 18th to receive a letter from a prominent Boston lawyer asking its corporate name for a will he is drafting. "The American Humane Education Society," though incorporated only last March, has already in its permanent and general fund property valued at about nine thousand dollars. The Massachusetts Legislature gave it power to hold half-a-million of dollars free from taxation.

A NEW LICENSE LAW.

"Humanity" urges the editor of this paper to undertake the enactment of a new license law—a license law for cats.

"Humanity" pictures in striking colors the sufferings of homeless cats in our large cities, and would have all the unlicensed mercifully killed.

This world contains a vast deal of suffering both to humans and cats.

We are striving in numerous ways to make it a happier world for both humans and cats.

But we doubt its being our duty to work for a law such as "Humanity" desires.

We are not sure that even homeless cats prefer death to life.

And yet it might be better for both them and humans to require a license as in the case of dogs.

A PICTURE—WHICH IS BETTER?

In our home chamber hangs a picture. It is one of two, each representing a donkey-cart with four children.

In the first they are trying with whip and voice to make the donkey go, and the donkey will not stir.

In the last, which is the one first referred to, one boy has fastened a small bundle of grain to the end of a fish-pole, which, sitting in the cart he holds just before the donkey's nose. The donkey is going on the gallop—the geese in alarm are scudding from the road—the frightened frogs are leaping for the water—and the happy children are the picture of happiness over this new discovery.

For thousands of years, so far as we know, both human beings and the lower animals have been governed, and very badly, by force and violence.

A new era is now dawning—the ballot—cooperation—sharing of profits—industry and enterprise promising comfort and happiness to the great masses of humanity—and the doctrines of mercy promising kindness to God's lower creatures—which is the better?

OHIO.

Annual report of Secretary Burnham of the Ohio Humane Society shows much good work done—over 2000 cases investigated in 1888—over 1000 in first five months of 1889—receipts over \$7000—expenses about \$7000—permanent fund something over \$3000.

BOBOLINK CHIMES.

BY LUCY E. TILLEY.

A whir of wings o'er clovered meadows,
The gleam of a harness and crown,
And low on the swaying maple
A bobolink settles down.

A chime as if from bells of silver
Over the clover soft doth float.
E'er yet the rapturous song-burst
Outpours from the feathered throat.

A whir of wings, a gleam of yellow,
Faint-heard notes, and into the throng
Of clover heads gently nodding,
Drop softly the bird and song.

As Wordsworth saw in dreamy wakings
Daffodils nodding in seas of gold,
For me the hills and meadows will ever
The chime of bobolinks hold.

—*Journal of Education.*

A HORSE THAT IS A GENTLEMAN.

Passengers on a car coming down Shawmut avenue yesterday morning were given, near Warrenton street, an illustration of what might be called "horse sense."

A team from which barrels of merchandise were being unloaded was backed up to the curb, the horse and a small portion of the wagon extending directly across the car track.

The horse-car, of course, was obliged to come to a halt.

The young men who were unloading the merchandise were in no sense hurrying.

But their horse looked at the car and its load of impatient passengers, then craned his neck so as to view the unloading process. He evidently saw that there would be considerable further delay, and came to the conclusion that it was too much to inflict on the waiting passengers.

So, after a moment's deliberation, without being spoken to or touched, he gradually and carefully wheeled round off from the track, so that the hub of the front wheel just escaped the lower side of the car as it passed.

Those who witnessed the horse's action gave him many compliments.—*Boston Times.*

THE DOG'S COMPASS.

A friend writes us an interesting account of a dog brought from Plymouth, Mass., to Cambridge, Mass., some forty miles. He was kept tied up two days, then untied and started for his old home in Plymouth where he arrived safely. This is one of thousands of similar cases, in some of which the dog has travelled hundreds of miles.

We remember one in which the dog travelled up the Mississippi River from New Orleans to a North Western State.

What sort of a compass dogs carry has never yet been ascertained.

We have just cut the following from "The Boston Commercial":

A DOG'S LONG JOURNEY TO HIS MASTER.

Bill Webb of Iron Mountain, Mich., traded his dog Jack for an Irish setter belonging to Prof. Williams, a traveling showman. Williams took Jack with him to St. Paul, Minn. Four weeks after Jack jumped off a freight train at Iron Mountain. The dog must have made its way back from St. Paul, a distance of nearly 400 miles. When he found his old master he was much emaciated. *How he had sense to get back to Iron Mountain is a mystery.*

"Have you felt slippers?" inquired an old lady in a shoe store. The clerk, who was new at the business and young, answered, "yes, ma'am, many a time."

A story every American boy ought to read and which we hope all our exchanges will copy.

STORY OF AN ITALIAN BOY.

AT THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

[Written for the Portland Monthly Transcript.]

It was no wonder that little Pietro liked better to sit upon the curbstone beside the drinking-fountain, than to stay in the close, dark house, or play in the narrow, untidy dooryard or the dusty street of the American city to which he had come with his father and mother, from the hills near Palermo, in his native land of Sicily. The street where he lived ran straight upward, at a steep angle; the houses were set close together, there were no trees or even grass, hardly a stray burdock plant. The place was hot and stifled in summer; cold and bleak in winter. Sicily! oh, that was a fine country, Pietro remembered, although he was but five years old when he left it and now he was almost ten—there the sky was blue, with a beautiful sun. And such horses! Pietro's father had been employed at a farm where they raised horses, the swift Sicilian animals, noble and companionable, that can trace their lineage back to famous Arabian steeds of the times when the Moors had power in the island.

Pietro liked America—how should he not like it when his papa and mamma and the little sisters were with him? He could speak English quite well, for he attended a public school; and he enjoyed the school, for in *his Reader* were to be found so many stories about horses. But in vacation, his chief pleasure was to sit by the fountain and make friends with the horses that came there to drink. Of these there were so many; he knew them all, and had a reason for his fondness of each. He admired the stately, high-stepping bays which now and then came up the street, drawing a fine carriage in which sat two lovely ladies; sometimes they had with them a little girl—like a fairy princess, Pietro thought her. More often, however, she rode upon a Shetland pony, trotting beside the carriage, and now and then she called in her high, clear voice for mamma and auntie to admire the paces of Mousey.

But Pietro felt a more intimate friendliness for the old white horse that belonged to the grocer whose shop was close by the fountain, and the black horse of the baker, and a serious brown mare that came every morning from the country with vegetables and fruit—lately her long-legged, timid little colt trotted by the mother's side. It soon learned not to be afraid of the little Sicilian boy that spoke to it in his own soft dialect, and the mare seemed sure that Pietro would teach her little one no naughty ways. For Pietro never, in passing, teased horses with a rude slap or a sudden noise; and they never nipped at him—which is the just reproof which horses make to boys who annoy them.

Then there were the superb gray horses of the fire department—Pietro sometimes saw them gallop past as if eager to help save property, perhaps even life. On their return from the fire, the driver would check their speed, so that they might drink at the fountain; and then Pietro was proud to bathe the dilated red nostrils of these horses, that blew the water about in spray,



PIETRO, THE ITALIAN BOY.

with their excited breath. *There was also a dear friend*, not only of Pietro, but of the others of his own kind whose duty it was to drag the horse-cars up the long hill; this good horse waited, a little way below the fountain, until the occasion should come for him to help his fellow-horses. The car would stop, he would trot cheerfully abreast of the pair that drew it, with an air that said, "Courage, this is a long hill, but we will all pull together!" Then, when they had gained the top of the hill, the good horse was dismissed, to trot back again by himself. Pietro often ran a few steps to meet him; and caressing the soft nose, velvety, rosy, warm, like a sun-ripened peach, would say, "You are a brave beast, always ready to do good to your neighbor!"

Sometimes a would-be stylish young man came driving around the corner of the street with a sharp, quick turn, the phaeton swaying recklessly, the horse over-driven, with neck held stiffly backward, half choked by the check-rein, eyes strained, mouth open and flecked with foam. If the man happened to take thought for the better animal, and allowed the horse to rest and refresh himself at the fountain—how quickly would Pietro stand on tip-toe upon the curbstone to *undo the cruel check-rein!* How glad he was to hear the deep sigh of relief of the horse, and to see the cool water run in deep draughts down the throat whose muscles were at last free to move in their wonderful interplay! On one occasion, such an incompetent driver noticed Pietro's handiness with the horse, and after fumbling in vain in his pockets, said, "Sorry I haven't a nickel for you, boy."

Something in the man's face, rather careless than cruel, encouraged Pietro to say: "That check-rein, signor, it hurts your fine horse. Do me the favor, that I may leave it loose. That will be better for me than the money."

The man laughed, but let Pietro have his will. The boy often thought of it, and hoped that in future, the horse would go with a free neck—but, at least, for once he had been able to relieve the good beast, he said to himself.

Then there were also the patient horses that went up the hill—fortunately—with

empty carts, and came down again with loads of sand from an excavation where Pietro's father and many other Italians were employed in digging. These horses all stopped, several times during the day, to drink at the fountain; or if a driver forgot to water his horse, Pietro would remind him, "Ohé Signor Lorenzo, or Giuseppe, or Marcantonio (as the case might be) will you not give to drink to your good beast that never says, 'Give me?'"

Then, amid the laughter of the others, the forgetful driver would turn his horse up to the fountain. "Eh, it seems you are master of us all!" he would grumble, with a good-natured cuff given to Pietro.

Once—and it was a great moment for the Sicilian boy—the pony with its little rider, who resembled a fairy princess, waited at the fountain until Miss Ethel's mamma, in her carriage, should overtake them. The jewelled riding-whip—whose lash Mousey had never been able to distinguish from a fly's foot on the rare occasions when he noticed it at all—slipped from Miss Ethel's fingers, and Pietro was quick to restore it to her with his best bow. She laughed to see how pleased Mousey was with the gentle handling of the Italian boy; up and down Pietro's sleeve, and even across his face, the pony rubbed an affectionate nose, still dripping from the basin of the fountain. It was a sudden friendship between Pietro and Mousey—but it proved equally durable. After Miss Ethel had ridden away, the fountain remained, for a while, deserted by all but Pietro.

Then there was heard a rumble of heavy wheels; it was a team loaded with brick, drawn by great gray horses with noble necks, and sides that looked as if they were carved in granite. Since only one horse could drink at a time at the fountain, the driver went into the grocer's shop to borrow a bucket to give water to the second horse. Meanwhile, it seemed to Pietro that the horses stood uncomfortably; they were obliged to brace their legs stiffly to resist the dragging weight of the cart, which slipped backward in the steep grade of the street. "*Poveretti!*" observed Pietro, "I shall accommodate things for you."

He took two bricks from the cart and

placed them underneath the hind wheels. The horses, relieved from the strain, stood at ease. The driver came out from the shop, filled the bucket, and soon both horses were enjoying the cool water.

"Was it you that blocked my wheels, sonny?"

"Yes, it was I. There was nothing else, so I took a couple of your bricks. I hope it was not wrong."

"'Twas a pretty good scheme of yours," commented the driver as he mounted his cart and started his horses.

"Your bricks—here they are, signor!"

"No matter for them—I'm in a hurry."

"Then I may have them?"

"Yes, sonny."

Pietro, in delight, kissed those bricks. He could do so much with them! Whenever a team should come to the fountain, he would place his bricks behind the wheels, and so give relief to the tired horses. He waited impatiently for the next comer. This proved to be the milkman, who traversed the hilly street at the end of his route. His horse was hot and weary, with a drooping head. Pietro felt much compassion for this horse, that was an especial friend of his. The good creature knew every house where he ought to halt, not only the door whence Pietro's little sister came out, with a bright tin can for milk, but also the door on whose step was the little half-pint pitcher of Nora O'Brien, the pale, pretty seamstress; beside Mrs. Rafferty's jolly great can that held milk enough for the porridge of the eight little Raffertys "an' a sup over and beyant, for the pig, poor felly." In another house was a little lame boy, who came out on his crutches to take the can of milk; and there was the German cobbler's wife, with her funny baby that never seemed to laugh or cry; and a colored family that did nothing but laugh; and a young woman who played the melodeon and came to the door in curl-papers for the milk-can, while her mother worked at the wash-tub in the yard. Pietro knew by sight all these customers of the milk-cart, and had his own fancies about them. Neither did he doubt that the horse was equally interested in their affairs. So he went gaily forward, to take the horse by the bridle and lead him up to the fountain, carefully avoiding such stones in the gutter as might imperil the cans of milk.

"Hi, little Dago, is that you?" saluted the milkman.

Pietro had never been able to discover why he, in common with other Italians, should be called Dago, nor what the epithet might mean. "It will be a word of the dialect of the place," he had concluded, and gave himself peace about it.

"It is I," he answered, with a confidential glance at the horse, to which the animal responded by a whinny of greeting. While the horse was drinking, Pietro put one of his famous bricks behind the wheel. "So it goes well, eh?" he asked the driver.

"First-rate. I suppose you have no objection to selling me that brick, have you? Here are two cents for it. I will keep it in the cart, and block the wheels with it. Fact is, my horse isn't as young as he was once, and he don't show for as good care as he gets. I want to be easy with him, for I

expect the Agent of that Society will be after me for driving a worn-out creature. Johnny isn't worn-out, but he is not much for looks. Get up, Johnny!"

Pietro watched the milkman as he made his way up the hill, and saw that each time the horse stopped to serve a customer, his master blocked the wheel. After that day, the milkman never forgot to carry the brick in the back of his wagon; and it was but the delay of a moment to take it out and set it behind the wheel. It soon became the fashion of the street to have a brick in the cart, "an' sure better nor in the hat," quoth Mrs. Rafferty, while her Terence led his nag into the stable. Pietro had spent his two cents for two more bricks, one of these he sold at two cents, for which he bought two more. So he continued his business—always keeping a half-dozen bricks for the use of teams at the fountain. Each time that he sold a brick, after the stock of a half-dozen was laid in—he used one penny to buy another brick and deposited one penny in a little tin box which was his savings bank. The grocer, the baker, the drivers of the sand-carts and others who heard of this simple plan of saving the strength of their horses, bought bricks from Pietro. His pennies, together with the five and even ten cent coins now and then given him for his handy services at the fountain, began to amount to a respectable little sum.

One day, as Pietro sat in his usual place, the fire alarm sounded; then came at a gallop the horses with the engine, a long banner of smoke trailing after, and with clangor and crash drove furiously up the hill. At the same moment a line of sand-carts was coming down the hill; the horses were afraid of the fire-engine, and their drivers tried to calm them with all sorts of exhortations in various Italian dialects. Then Pietro heard a sharp little clatter of hoofs and a shrill scream like the cry of a frightened sea-bird. He sprang to his feet—for this was Mousey that came running wildly down the hill, while Miss Ethel clung to the pommel of the saddle, crying for help. Pietro was only a little boy, but he did not stop to think of that—he ran into the street and straight onward to meet Mousey, with outspread arms, calling the pony by name, "Mousey, Mousey!"

It may be that the pony was more freakish than really frightened; it is certain that he was too fat to enjoy a long runaway—at all events, he stopped, panting and trembling a little, and buried his nose upon the breast of Pietro's jacket. One of the drivers of the sand-carts lifted Miss Ethel from the saddle. She stood upon the sidewalk, half inclined to tears. In another minute, a carriage came rapidly down the hill; it stopped, and Ethel's mamma alighted, pale with fear for her little daughter, and caught the little girl in her arms, with many kisses. Pietro would have run away, now that he had done his part, but Gianandrea, a big fellow from Naples, held him by the arm.

"This is who save-a leetle signorina!" announced Gianandrea. "Also, who make-a everybody put brick-a in ze carro to do good to hor-r-r-se, Pietro first-a-rate boy, yes, sir!"

Ethel and her mamma hardly understood

the rapid words and gestures of the worthy Neapolitan; but the grocer, from his doorway, gave a more comprehensible testimony to Pietro's courage, and to his sympathy and care for horses.

"If he were older," said Ethel's mamma, "he would be the very person we are looking for—one who would take charge of the stables, and never abuse, or neglect or tease the horses. It is not often one finds a boy taught to understand horses so well."

"It was my papa who taught me about horses," said Pietro, and then was abashed at his own forwardness in speaking when not addressed.

At that moment a smiling, brown-faced man with a shovel over his shoulder, was pushed forward by the lively Gianandrea.

"He Pietro's *tata*!" was the form of presentation.

Confused by the praises lavished upon his little son, and by the effort to comprehend and answer what was said to him, Pietro's father was able at last to understand that he was to go, for a week on approval, to a country seat a few miles from the city to take charge of six horses—and Mousey.

Needless to add, that in that week's trial the good Sicilian won the esteem of his employers, and, not less important, of the horses themselves, that know well enough, yet cannot complain, if they are neglected or mistreated. Soon after, Pietro's mamma, with the aid of her children, packed her few household goods upon Gianandrea's cart, lent for the purpose, and removed to a neat little cottage, the coachman's lodge at the home of Miss Ethel's family. There her husband has the care of the six horses, Pietro is Mousey's own groom; the Sicilian mamma can knit, and look at the great green hills that remind her of the slopes behind Palermo, while her little daughters feed the poultry or search for eggs in the hayloft.

But the day that Pietro left the city he had a serious talk with the friendly grocer.

This personage readily promised to allow Pietro's little pile of bricks to remain for the service of anyone who might need to block his wheels while his horse should drink at the fountain. Then the little fellow brought forth his tin box of money; the grocer helped him count it, and found the amount to be one dollar and ninety-seven cents.

"I'll give you a two dollar bill for that change if you will tell me what you are going to do with the money," said the grocer.

When he had heard its destination, he presented to Pietro a sheet of paper, an envelope and a postage stamp. Then Pietro mounted the tall stool behind the grocer's desk, dipped his pen, and wrote a letter according to the dictates of his heart and of Italian etiquette of correspondence, so far as he knew that polite art.

Egregious Sir:—I should pray your Lordship that he do me the pleasure to dedicate to favor of some poor Horse neglected the enclosed dollars 2 and Accept the most respectful salutations of
the 8th August, 1889.

very devoted servant

PIETRO MOTTA.

Pietro folded his letter over the clean bank-bill. Then with the aid of the city Directory—and his ideals of good manners, he addressed the envelope:

To the most esteemed sir
Mr. ———, President of S. P. C. A.
——— Street, City.

He affixed the stamp, dropped the letter into the street mail-box, and in another hour was on his way to the home in the country, where he would find new friends among the horses.



ROWDY, AUNT PHENIE, JACK, AND KETO.

[Used by kind permission of "Golden Days."]

ROWDY—THE BURRO.

BY ZENAS DANE.

In Golden Days, Philadelphia.

When I was a boy of thirteen, and my brother Jeff was a year younger, we became the proud possessors of a little Rocky Mountain burro.

He was very small even for a burro, which is, as you may know, a diminutive member of the mule family.

Father had been out to Colorado all summer, looking after some mining interests he had there, and he had said, before he went away, that if Jeff and I were very good boys while he was gone he would bring us something that would please us greatly.

Of course we had said that we would be very good, and I guess we were about as good as two such harum-scarums could very well be.

At any rate, when father came home the burro came with him as a reward for our good behavior.

We were two of the happiest boys in Sharon that day as we walked home from the railroad station, leading our burro, with all the boys we knew and a great many we didn't know crowding so closely around the little animal that he could hardly walk.

But he bore it all very patiently. He did not kick even when some of the boys twisted his

tail, but looked around in a surprised and somewhat reproachful way.

We named him Rowdy, which was a misnomer, for there was nothing of the rowdy about him; but the name pleased our fancy, and we inflicted it upon him.

There never was a meeker or more patient little animal than Rowdy.

When I recall some of our treatment of him, I wonder that he did not make more use of his heels than he did. Jeff would often twist Rowdy's tail, whereupon he would slowly turn his head around and look at the offender in a calm, half-reproachful way, but in no other manner did he resent this indignity, whereas any other member of the mule family would certainly have kicked Jeff head over heels, and would have had some justification for his conduct.

But we could do anything we pleased with Rowdy.

Both of us often rode him at once, and he would meekly endure any treatment thoughtless boys saw fit to give him.

He was a slow-going animal. There was no disguising that fact. We had fondly hoped that he might prove to be an anomaly among his kind and develop racing proclivities.

But he did not. He was slow, even for a burro.

When mother wanted to send either of us on

an errand to the store, and we proposed riding Rowdy, she would say:

"No, Dear, don't take Rowdy, for I want you to get home before night."

This was always mortifying to Jeff and me, for the grocery store at which we traded was only a mile away, and we were usually sent in the forenoon.

We used to speak about "flying around" on Rowdy, and of going to places "in less than no time" on his back, but these remarks became less frequent after we had put him through his paces.

"I don't believe he's got any paces," said Jeff, in confidence, to me at the end of the first week.

"Do you suppose that anything on earth could make him trot?"

I thought not, but did not like to discourage Jeff by saying so.

"I don't know," I replied. "One of us might ride him and the other run on in front with an ear of corn, and see if he'd run after it."

"Now that would be smart, wouldn't it?" retorted Jeff. "You don't catch me going through the streets in any such style as that."

But we had no end of pleasure with Rowdy, provokingly slow though he was. We had a great deal of time to ourselves, and he was quite willing to be ridden at any hour.

"It takes a good deal of time to go riding on him, anyhow," said Jeff, drily.

The boys of our acquaintance were not so tender of our feelings as they might have been. One day I was riding Rowdy through the streets when I met Billy Baxter.

"Hello, Walt?" he said. "Where you going on that fiery, untamed steed?"

"Oh, I'm just going a mile or two into the country," I replied, carelessly.

"Well, good-by," said Billy. "You know we're going to move over to Waterville in a month or two, and I don't suppose you'll get back before we go. Good-by; come over and see me some time."

We had owned Rowdy about a month when father got us a neat, little two-wheeled cart, very much like what are now called road-carts.

"You must teach Rowdy to work in harness," said father.

Rowdy accepted the harness in a perfectly passive spirit, although he had never been in harness before.

"I don't believe he'd say a word if we built a fire under him," said Jeff.

"I suppose not," I replied.

We had had the cart a week when father one day received a telegram telling him that a lady whom we called, "Aunt Phenie" would arrive on the afternoon train, and she wished some one to meet her at the station.

Aunt Phenie was not an own aunt to any of us. She was not related to us at all. But father and mother had known her for many years, and everybody called her "Aunt."

She visited at our house two or three times each year, coming when she pleased and going when she got ready.

She was about sixty years old, and a lady of some peculiarities of character, but her virtues were many, and my parents held her in high esteem, overlooking her idiosyncrasies.

She was a very tall and very thin lady, and her thinness and height seemed to be increased by her peculiar style of dress.

"I don't care a rap for the fashions," Miss Phenie often said. "I dress to suit myself."

A fact that was patent to all beholders.

This lofty scorn of the prevailing fashions led Aunt Phenie to wear very large hoop-skirts long after they had been discarded by other ladies.

Her bonnets were of a kind fashionable before the late war and were of the "sky-scraper" variety. Her wraps and ribbons and jewelry were all in accord with the rest of her dress, so that Aunt Phenie attracted no little attention when she went abroad.

She liked Jeff and me as well as she liked any boys, but she frequently said that it was an unsolved mystery to her that boys should be born at all. She thought the world would be quite as well off without them.

Jeff and I had to "stand around" when Aunt Phenie was at our house, but I am glad now to remember that we were never saucy or unkind to her.

We were always subject to her beck and call, and she was very imperious and exacting in her demands, but we were manly enough to pay her the deference due to one of her years.

Mother was not well enough to go to the station and father had to be at his office all the afternoon, and he said that Jeff and I must meet Aunt Phenie.

"We will take Rowdy and the cart," I said.

"You may, if you want to," replied father.

"But I've no idea Aunt Phenie will honor your cart by riding in it. You can bring her satchels home in it and send Aunt Phenie in a hack. She always likes to have some one meet her to look after her things and carry Jack up for her."

Jack was a vicious, disagreeable scolding old parrot. He accompanied Aunt Phenie in all her wanderings, and was not even civil to his mistress.

When Aunt Phenie stepped from the train, followed by a brakeman with her "things," we noticed that she had, in addition to Jack, a sullen-looking pug dog, which she led by a small and glittering brass chain.

She was arrayed in her usual startling and brilliant manner, and she looked cross.

"They made me put dear little Keto in the baggage-car all the way here," she said, looking wrathfully at the conductor, who stood near.

"It's the last time I'll ever ride over this road."

This seemed to give great satisfaction to the conductor and brakeman; but they said nothing, and Aunt Phenie turned to us.

"Where's your ma?" she asked.

"She's not well," I said, "and Jeff and I have come to meet you."

"Humph!" was all Aunt Phenie said.

Then she suddenly caught sight of Rowdy and the road cart, and exclaimed:

"What a cunning little turn-out! Something new in the town, isn't it?"

"It's ours," I replied.

"Yours?" cried Aunt Phenie. "And have you come for me in it? Why, that will be lovely! I've always wanted to ride in one of those cunning little carts, and now's my chance."

Jeff and I were delighted at this approbation of our turn-out, and we proudly brought it around and helped Aunt Phenie and the dog and parrot and all the satchels and boxes in.

There wasn't much room left for Jeff and me, but we managed to squeeze in—not, however, until I had stepped on Keto's tail, and he had resented the indignity with a howl and snarl, which caused Aunt Phenie to say:

"Do be careful, boy. I wouldn't have the poor little dear hurt for anything."

Jack screamed "Get out!" in his usual gracious manner when Jeff spoke to him.

I took the reins and off we started. When we had gone about two blocks, Aunt Phenie said:

"Can't you hurry him up a little?"

I touched him with the whip, an attention to which he was wholly indifferent, and presently Aunt Phenie said again:

"Well, for pity sake, make him move along. We want to get there before to-morrow."

"G'lang, sir—g'lang!" I cried, clucking with my tongue.

But Rowdy plodded along unmoved.

Aunt Phenie began to show signs of restlessness and annoyance.

"I'll stir the little rascal up," she said, presently, as she rose to her feet, with her long green umbrella clutched tightly in both hands.

Down it came with great force on Rowdy's back. Then she dropped to her knees in the bottom of the cart, and began belaboring Rowdy until, for the first time in our experience with him he really began to trot.

"I knew I'd start him," cried Aunt Phenie, triumphantly, as she resumed her seat, flushed with victory.

Then we made the discovery that, in dropping to her knees, she had overturned Jack's cage; the door had fallen open, and there he was on the bottom of the cart.

He flew to the dash-board, with a shriek of defiance, as all of us grabbed for him at once.

Before we could make a second attempt to seize him, he flew from the dash-board and landed on Rowdy's back, close to his neck, and again screamed "Get out!" following it with a terrible screech and a cackle of laughter. Then it was demonstrated that Rowdy could not only trot, but that he could lope and gallop, and run at a remarkable rate of speed.

All the sawing at the reins I could do had no effect on Rowdy.

He seemed wild with fright, as Jack clung to his back, giving vent to screech after screech of wild laughter, varying it occasionally with—

"Get out! get out! get out!"

Rowdy lost no time in "getting out," and in a moment we were flying over the hard, smooth street at a rate of speed that caused all the lookers-on to stare after us in amazement. Several dogs gave chase, and every boy we met joined in pursuit.

Aunt Phenie was down on her knees again, clinging to the dash-board, her big bonnet fallen back on her shoulders, and her queer side-curls flying in the breeze.

"Jack! Jack! Jack!" she screamed.

But Jack laughed her to scorn.

"Rowdy! You Rowdy!" I shouted. "Whoa! whoa!"

But Rowdy, with ears flattened to his head, sped wildly on.

Once he stopped suddenly and began kicking

at the dash-board, whereupon Aunt Phenie suddenly fell backward, with her head on my lap, and, in utter bewilderment, hoisted the big, green umbrella and held it in front of her for protection.

When we reached the business part of the town, several men ran out to catch Rowdy; but he suddenly veered to the right, and ran down the long, wide and quiet residence street at the end of which we lived.

There was nothing now to impede his progress, and on he ran, while we clung to the cart and held our breath.

The gate of our carriage-drive was open, and Rowdy ran into the yard, slackening his speed a little as he did so.

There was a small mound near the entrance, and as Rowdy ran a little to the left, a wheel of the cart ran over this mound, the cart upset, and the entire contents were spilled out upon the grass.

None of us were hurt, but we were all badly shaken up, and the temper of some of the party was sorely tried.

"If ever you—catch—me—in—that trap again!" gasped Aunt Phenie, before she had risen from the grass.

Jack had ascended to the top of a tall maple tree in the yard, among the branches of which his cage was hung, and he entered it of his own accord after an hour or two.

Rowdy had trotted on to the barn, having resumed his stoical demeanor when free from Jack.

He never ran away again, but remained a meek, slow-going, but obedient and docile creature during the four years that we had him.

"WHILE THE DAY LASTS."

The sun is sinking low,
The shadows longer grow;
There still is much to do,
Oh! let us hasten through
While the day lasts.

There are those in direct need
Whom we must clothe and feed;
There are sad hearts far and near
That we must strive to cheer
While the day lasts.

There are pilgrims gone astray
Into sin's most darksome way,
And from this gloomy track
We must seek to win them back
While the day lasts.

There are foes who have assailed us
And friends whose love has failed us
Until our hearts are riven;—
All these must be forgiven
While the day lasts.

There are souls that wildly steer
On seas of doubt and fear;—
Poor shipwrecked wanderers, tost
By adverse gales, and lost
In the depths of dark despair!
Unless, by tender care
And many a pleading prayer,
We point them to the Light
That shall guide their course aright
While the day lasts.

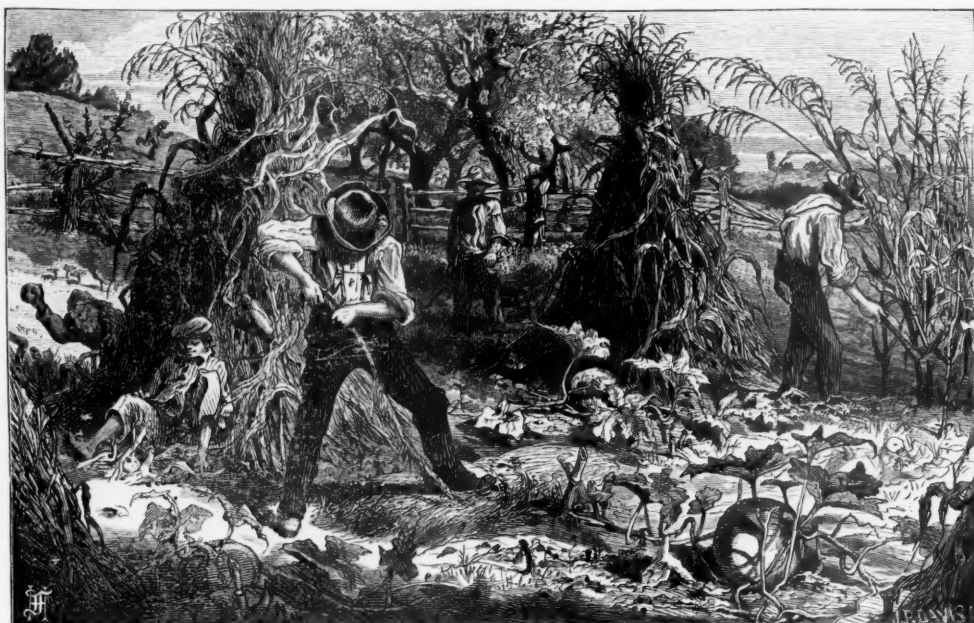
If, ere the setting sun
This goodly work be done,
We shall see the night draw near
Without one pang of fear,
For faith's pure star will rise
In the solemn evening skies,
And light us to our rest
In a land serenely blest
Where day forever lasts.

—E. S. S.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 6837 New Haven, Conn.
Candee Band.
P., Mrs. S. P. Candee.
- 6838 Virginia Beach, Va.
Ocean Shore Park Band.
P., Nemo Milledorfer.
S., Katie Bryant.
- 6839 Thornbury, Ontario.
Sand Hill Band.
P., Mrs. H. P. Marsh.
- 6840 Amy, Wis.
Pansy Band.
P., Lizzie Langdell.
- 6841 Alfred, Me.
Star Band.
P., Mrs. Mary W. Perkins.
- 6842 Keyser, West Va.
James Band.
P., Mrs. Ellen C. Thompson.
- 6843 Tyro Shops, N. C.
Union Band.
P., Alex Windford.
S., Columbia Clodfeller.
- 6844 Clifton, Ky.
P., Mrs. Mary F. Rogers.
- 6845 Glenbrook, Conn.
P., Julia Adams Powell.
- 6846 Felchville, Vt.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Minnie C. Fay.
- 6847 St. Helena, Cal.
Crystal Springs Band.
P., Jno. Fulton.
S., Willie E. Dawson.
- 6848 Diana, N. Y.
P., Annie Brainerd.
- 6849 Shutesbury, Mass.
Little Helpers Band.
P., Howard R. May.
- 6850 Stockton, Cal.
Eureka Band.
P., Florence Dodge.
S., Mrs. M. C. Davis.
- 6851 Cassopolis, Mich.
P., Mrs. Vira Hopkins.
- 6852 Queen City, Texas.
P., Harry Matthews.
- 6853 Hockessin, Del.
Cold Water Band.
P., Mary R. Heald.
- 6854 Littleton, Mass.
Temperance Cadets.
P., Mrs. Nellie F. Johnson.
- 6855 Vancouver, B. C.
Loyal Legion Band.
P., Ida F. Burrett.
- 6856 Helena, Montana.
No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Sarah E. Merriam.
- 6857 Monticello, Miss.
P., Henry Roberson.
S., Edgar Sutton.
- 6858 Clintondale, Pa.
P., Mrs. E. R. Huston.
- 6859 Lily Dale, N. Y.
White Water Lily Band.
P., Emily W. Tillinghast.
- 6860 Worcester, Mass.
Gage St. Band.
P., Timothy Scully.
- 6861 New York, N. Y.
Workers' Band.
P., Edw. Schwab.
S., Henry Hohn.
- 6862 Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Willing Workers' Band.
P., Zoda A. Rhodes.
- 6863 Ukiah, Cal.
P., Mrs. S. W. Haskell.
- 6864 Kilmer, Neb.
Helping Hand Band.
P., Viola Kaufman.



"HARVESTING."

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The song birds are flying
And southward are hieing,
No more their glad carols we hear.
The gardens are lonely,—
Chrisanthemums only
Dare now let their beauty appear.

The insects are hiding,—
The farmer providing
The lambkins a shelter from cold.
And after October
The woods will look sober
Without all their crimson and gold.

The loud winds are calling,
The ripe nuts are falling,
The squirrel now gathers his store.
The bears, homeward creeping,
Will soon all be sleeping
So snugly, till winter is o'er.

Jack Frost will soon cover
The little brooks over;
The snow-clouds are up in the sky
All ready for snowing;
Dear Autumn is going,
We bid her a loving good-bye.

Emilie Poulsson.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION ANSWERED IN BOSTON TRANSCRIPT OF AUGUST 24, 1889.

"(14,150). Can you tell me whether wild animals usually die a natural death, and what becomes of their bodies after death? Why are not their carcasses found? Some Hindus maintain that wild animals in a state of nature, being in perfect harmony with the laws of God, never die. They say that only man and domestic animals, because they have subverted these laws, die.

W. A. M.

"[It is a curious fact that the bodies of animals that are supposed to have died a natural death are very rarely found. Many old hunters assert that they have never seen one in a whole lifetime spent in forests and localities where game is plenty. This fact has given rise to a popular belief that animals never die in a wild state unless by violence. The idea is, of course, an absurd one, but it opens up the question where do they go to die, and how do they manage to conceal themselves so that their remains never come to light?]"

CHRISTIAN CROWS.

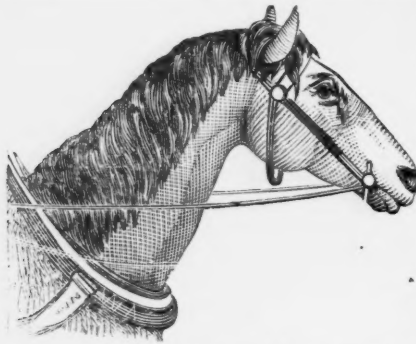
A French medical student has recently reported an interesting experience with crows. A number of these birds frequent a wood at Vincennes, not far from Paris. The medical students and officials connected with a neighboring hospital caught a couple of the crows and placed them in a large cage. There they were plentifully served with bread and meat. The rapidity with which the food disappeared surprised one of the students, Louis Leter, and he kept a watch on the birds.

He found that, at certain hours of the day, when the woods were deserted, numbers of crows gathered on the branches of the trees near the cage. There, instead of a harsh "caw," they uttered soft cries, evidently addressed to the prisoners. Then the imprisoned crows gathered up bits of bread and meat, and, pushing their bills between the bars of the cage, placed the provender in the mouths of the hungry crows outside, who had more liberty than victuals, apparently. There is nothing mean about a crow, is there? *I call them christian crows; for, you will allow they are more christian than many men. Very few of us think of giving away what is more than enough for our daily subsistence.*

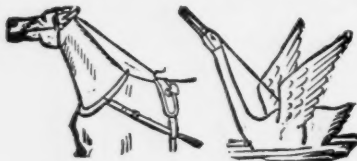
Mr. Leter tells this story in addition. When he caught a crow in a trap, the bird cried loudly. Thereupon crows flocked around from all quarters. More than fifty of them flew in a body, at a distance of from thirty to forty feet above him, crying, and flying at him threateningly. They hoped to frighten him and thus save their brother. Arguing not only from this, but also from the fact that they are always to be met in groups, Mr. Leter concludes that crows are very affectionate to each other. *The same cannot be said of all men, can it?*

Better still, crows have a great respect for age, and they are obedient to superiors. Our schoolboys might learn a lesson from the crows in both these virtues. When the old crows have settled on their perch for the night they call. Then all the younger crows hurry to the chosen tree, and fix themselves there. If they get orders to move, they do so at once. Boys and girls! Young men and young women! Are you going to be less considerate than crows?—C.T.A., in *Philadelphia News*.

The Lady of Lyons—the lioness.



Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Reins.



The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not for the strain backward of the neck, but because the animal cannot see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.—*Boston Transcript.*

MY LITTLE HERO.

Earth's truest and bravest heroes
Fight with an unseen foe,
And win a victory grander
Than you and I can know.
We little dream of the conflict
Fought in each human soul,
And earth knows not of her heroes
Upon God's honor-roll.

One of earth's little heroes
Right proud am I to know;
His name for me is mother,
My name for him is Joe.
At thought of a ten-year-old hero
Perhaps have many smiled,
But a battlefield's a battlefield
In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing,
I saw, but gave no sign.
For I wanted to test the mettle
Of this little knight of mine.
"Of course you must come and help us;
For we all depend on Joe,"
The boys said: and I waited
For his answer—yes or no.

He stood and thought for a moment,
I read his heart like a book,
For the battle that he was fighting
Was told in his earnest look.
Then to his waiting playmates
Outspoke my loyal knight;
"No, boys; I cannot go with you,
For I know it wouldn't be right."

How proud was I of my hero,
As I knelt by his little bed
And gave him the bed-time kisses,
And the good-night words were said!
True to his Lord and manhood
May he stand in the world's fierce fight,
And shun each unworthy action.
Because it "wouldn't be right."

—*Christian Union.*

Moody says if he could go down to his grave and have it honestly written above it, "He did what he could," he would rather have it than a monument of gold reaching to Heaven. Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as you can.

Cases Reported at Office in August.

For beating, 33; over-working and over-loading, 11; over-driving, 5; driving when lame or galled, 50; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 7; abandoning, 3; torturing, 16; driving when diseased, 12; cruelly transporting, 2; general cruelty, 47.

Total, 186.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 67; warnings issued, 63; not found, 9; not substantiated, 25; anonymous, 12; prosecuted, 10; convicted, 9; pending, 1.

Animals taken from work, 34; horses and other animals killed, 43.

Receipts by the Society in August.

FINES.

From *Justices' Courts*.—Orange, \$5; Wrentham, \$2; Dedham, \$10.

Police Courts.—Lee, \$30; Springfield, (2 cases) \$30.

District Courts.—Mildred, \$5; Worcester (2 cases), \$11; Great Barrington, \$1; Webster (paid in jail), \$10.

Municipal Court.—Boston (2 cases), \$15.

Witness Fees.—\$8.10; Total, \$127.10.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Walter Cutting, \$10; J. L. Pease, \$3; A. B. West, \$3.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Robt. T. Swan, Mrs. E. M. Bowen, Arthur Reed, Mrs. E. C. Taft, Elizabeth K. Plunkett, Louis N. Gilbert, Chas. A. Stevens, Mrs. S. B. Cone, Rev. Arthur Lawrence, Mrs. Jno. Winthrop, Miss Wyman, F. G. Ramsdell, S. E. Seymour, J. A. Rummel, Everett Woolen Co.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Kimball & Carey, Belding Bros. & Co., J. Kingsbury & Son, J. F. McGowan, Geo. E. Tucker, C. Hitchcock, C. C. Hitchcock, J. W. Green, J. H. Newman, G. M. & F. H. Morton, Ames Manufacturing Co., C. W. Blaisdall, J. Mitchell, G. H. Griffin, Smith & Murray, Jno. Mulligan, Miss M. E. L'Hommiedieu, Friend of Animals, "H. E. C."

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. H. P. Marsh, Mrs. Parry, E. B. Donahoe, H. P. Billings & Co., Ames & Sprague, W. Herrick, J. W. Wariner, Miss E. S. Newton, Rollin & Cook, J. W. Hull, D. M. Collins, C. W. Gatter, G. W. Bailey, Wood Brothers, E. Williams, W. F. Harrington, Miss E. Campbell, Miss G. Campbell, D. W. Miner, G. C. Holden, C. E. Blood, J. B. Sibley, Barnes & Packard, Mrs. D. K. Williams, Miss C. L. Williams, Henry M. Field, W. J. Van Dusen, E. L. Runcy, L. N. Dibble, J. Maher, Thomas Buffum, Henry Barrett, Emory Munyan, C. H. Smith, E. P. Owen, E. T. Sawyer, Thos. Pendergast, Wm. Sheehan, Mrs. J. T. Ames, J. C. Buckley, Noyes Marden, Bullen & Pomeroy, W. S. Collins, W. N. Chapin, R. N. Smith, F. B. Wilder, J. E. McIntire, H. T. Hoyt, A. H. Gorting, E. G. Washburn, Mrs. C. F. Bergett, J. A. Brewer, R. H. Moore, S. A. Sanford, E. Hollister, L. A. Lillie, Henry C. Willard, A. S. Fossett, C. Ticknor, Geo. Anderson, W. A. Leonard, E. B. Culver, R. Girling, C. J. Potter, W. W. Rice, James Morrison.

Total, \$195.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Dr. Geo. Faulkner, \$12.50; News Agencies, \$3.20; Mrs. Tappan Wentworth, \$3; Hampton Bennett, \$1.75; James H. Eaton, \$1.50.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Henry H. Harding, A Subscriber, Geo. Motley, Est. of Dr. Jno. French, B. Vaughan, Mrs. L. L. Lewis, Dr. Johnson, Miss Kendall, Mrs. Champlin.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

G. H. Carlton, Isaac Gardner, Mrs. Geo. F. Richardson, Frank Wall, Mrs. Sam Nickerson, Mrs. Jno. Nesmith, Mrs. Dawes, Mrs. M. C. Stone, Miss N. Campbell, L. B. Smith, Margaret Metts, Mary E. Foster, Wm. H. Ford, Mrs. S. T. King.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Emma L. Goodwell, Roderick E. Gould, H. C. Maynard, Edith West, Miss P. W. Johnson, Mrs. H. W. P. Colson, Mrs. Dr. W. B. Warren, Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, Elizabeth Sharples, A. S. Porter & Sons, Mrs. Josiah Quincy, Scafford Reading Room, Mrs. W. Rose Nimmmons, Emeline Nichols, Flavia Dean, A. F. Stansell, Rev. A. C. Hurd, Mrs. H. H. Smith, Olive Lawrence, Mrs. H. B. Sturgess, S. B. Dyar, Miss H. A. B. Punderson, Mrs. A. M. Kendall, Claude Panches, Manty Miller, Eunice F. Hall, Otis M. Farmer, Earle B. Barnes, Louis Westerman, Belden Graves, Eliza Hamilton, Fannie M. Howes, Wm. Pye, Mrs. S. M. Smith, Mrs. W. B. Ransom, Ellen Snow, E. D. Howard, H. W. Newman, G. Marsh, M. E. Sanford, W. A. De Merritt, Isaac Jeffreys, H. C. Jordan, Geo. Bradley, Warren Smith, H. A. Quimby, Mrs. L. E. McClen, Julia Barry, M. L. Lane.

Total, \$78.45.

AMBULANCE.

C. E. Beane, \$2; Mr. Pillings, \$3.50; C. A. Dodge, \$2.50; P. Greeley, \$2; Jno. E. Tirrell, \$2.50; T. F. Scanlan, \$2; Lynn & Boston Horse Railroad, \$3.
Total, \$17.50.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$182.50; Publications sold, \$60.39; Bequest from N. Meriam, \$11,273.14; Bequest from Oliver Ditson, \$2,000.00; Bequest from Ellen Craft, \$300.00.
Total receipts in August, \$14,231.08.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.
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